

Death By Guillotine by Vinnie Paz

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No, not too much is new

I'm so fucking high

I'mma spit a bomb verse

D-Motherfucking-Moz n***a

Cyssero, Vin, Some real shit right here baby

Problem

[Verse 1: Demoz]

Look, ever feel suicidal to the point that you tried it

And when they asked you about it, you don't know how to deny it

Doc all in your face, asking what is the motive

You got split personalities and it's hard to control 'em

Taking xans and percs, drinking liquor and beer

Feeling sick to your stomach, trying to shift through the gears

On a slippery rope, plus your vision is blurry

Worst case scenario, they'll miss you after you're buried

Wife fucking your man, brother, stuff in the jam

Thought and starred at your pictures, like where the fuck is my dad

I'm a problem atomic, trying to rhyme with these chickens

Shit 'em out in the morning and take a piss on the omelet

Made an honesty promise, I ain't gotta be modest

I ain't got to be parted, this whole economy's garbage

I'm a comet in space, I ain't part of this land

I'm a fuckin' two-face, why would you call me your man

[Hook]

Tongue twisted like Pun digging my tongue tissue

It's one missile, we blow you to little lunch issues

We fuck with you, we came with you but left dolo

We stuck with you on one issue, we reign solo

We through a bomb in the parade at these gay homos

We manic (???), how the fuck are they gonna break kodos?

Freddy roaching a corner, cause we ain't saying nothing

And we just sitting there twitching like we sniffing our caine, bugging

[Verse 2: Cyssero]

Creep quiet, but that chopper loud (you know how we do)
Look, the way I perform with that K that'd rock a crowd
Mask and glove when I squeeze them slugs
Make a bloodbath, we gonna need a tub
Shit, we riding dawg
When we catch his ass let that Super-Soaker wet his ass
Dry him off, military tactics
Moving silent dawg
Paint the neighborhood red when that iron drawn
Yeah, DaVinci of the gun-slinging, shots make a bastard leak
Make a masterpiece, get your casket dropped
That's the art of war, bang at the targets
(???) war, then burn the bodies, what you need a coffin for
If you ain't built for all that, what you talking for (be quiet)
Yeah, tell your homeboy calm his mad
Unless he want a fuckin' problem on his hands (for real)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, Pazienza put the torch to him
Young rap version of Dr. Kevorkian
This pussy done, put a fork in him
Or I'mma have to let the .44 bark at him
He better pray he got a squad with him
Like the proletarian revolution of Marxism
Put your body in the star system
Reveal itself as bleeding light, Allah wisdom
Bullets fast when they travelling
The silencer is strong and it's long like a javelin
Now he dead put a bag in him
Green from the dope fine lean, and the scag in him
I hold the ratchet unorthodox
Pernell Whitaker, ducking all sorts of shots
Various types of torture plots
And I'mma ride till I die and the coffin drops